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How to Live; a Memorial of a Christian Centenarian.

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A

DISCOURSE

PREACHED

SABBATH, DECEMBER 23, 1855,

AT THE FUNERAL OF

MRS. REBECCA BOWERS,

OF

MIDDLE HADDAM, CONN.

By JAMES KILBOURN,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN MIDDLE HADDAM.

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PUBLISHED BY THE KINDRED OF MRS. BOWERS.

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HARTFORD:

PRESS OF CASE, TIFFANY AND COMPANY.

1856..

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James Kellogg Kilbourn

Pewaukee Wis.

June 12, 1902.

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TO MISS JULIA BOWERS, WHO, WITH UNWEARIED KINDNESS AND DEVOTION,  
MINISTERED TO HER GRANDMOTHER DURING MANY OF HER LAST YEARS,  
AND TO THE OTHER DESCENDANTS AND NUMEROUS KINDRED OF THE  
DECEASED, AND TO THEIR CHILDREN OF GENERATIONS TO COME, THIS  
DISCOURSE IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

## DISCOURSE.

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ISAIAH 65 : 20.

THE CHILD SHALL DIE AN HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

YONDER, in the dim distance, where the present living, remembered world fades into the shadowy realms of ages past and perished,—on the east side of a path opened by pioneers through the primeval forest, along the banks of New England's great river,—I see an ancient dwelling. That house is the abode of a young man, thirty-five years old, with his wife, Thankful, and four little children, scripturally named Rachel, Joseph, Elizabeth, *Rebecca*. From time to time, I see a venerable man enter that abode, and the little group being gathered around the spacious hearth, I hear the old man's voice, invoking the blessing of their fathers' God, and speaking words of Christian counsel. It is the father of the young man, who, thirty-five years before, with his wife, came a pilgrim from the land of John Knox and the Covenanters, to blend his race with that of those who came in the Mayflower just one hundred years before his own migration.

In that dwelling, I see an antique cradle, rocked by the fond young mother, holding a treasure more precious to her "than India or Peru." That treasure is an "infant of days," the little Rebecca, on whose brow is written the invisible decree, "The child shall die an hundred years old."

Then I see a nimble girl, with Testament, Psalter, Spelling-book and New England Primer in hand, daily trudging

up the hill to the school-house, where she learns to read the Holy Bible, and that it is "the chief end of man to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." And when the Sabbath comes, (all work and play and worldly talk being religiously laid aside in her home from sundown of Saturday till Monday morning,) I see the same little girl, hand in hand with parents, brothers and sisters, growing to a flock of nine, ascending the same hill to the old meeting-house, a little beyond the school-house, and then the religious center and capital of all this region. There she first hears a gospel minister, who "seems to her like an angel from heaven." That reverend man (Rev. Benjamin Bowers) is the father of her predestined husband.

Then appears a young lady, after the pattern of ladyship drawn by King Lemuel's mother. Prov. 31. Then succeeds the rejoicing bride, with her happy husband. Yet quickly again she is the young weeping widow, with two fatherless babes. In the prime and promise of early manhood, her husband, a captive of his country's foes, sinks with his captors to an ocean grave, a victim of the dread scourge of war.

Years pass by, and she becomes the wife of him whose father baptized her when twenty-five days old. With him ("his heart doth safely trust in her"—Prov. 31) she journeys on to the ripe age of eighty. Twenty years more of widowhood, sustained by Christian hope and trust, and "she goes to her fathers in peace, and is buried in a good old age." Gen. 15 : 15.

That cradled infant, so far away in the returnless past, that hearty school-girl, that young bride, mother, widow,—wife, mother and widow the second time, outliving her last husband twenty, and her last child thirty-five years, is the venerable friend whose mortal remains are before us. From that cradle, rocked by parents and grand-parents, to this coffin, followed by grand-children, extends a pilgrimage of one hundred years, eight months and twelve days.

Scarcely one in fifty thousand attains to this age in our commonwealth. Three decennial enumerations indicate



that there are, usually, but about eight persons in Connecticut who have lived a hundred years. Her life lacks less than eighteen years of half the time from the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth to yesterday's (Dec. 22d) anniversary of that memorable event. She had seen the face and heard the prayers of every Congregational pastor settled in her native place from the beginning.

On such an occasion as this, the century gone seems to come back, and live and die again before us, in the compass of an hour. In that century what historic wonders has the God of Providence displayed! Our friend was born a subject of the second George of England, continued under the British crown more than twenty-one years, and died under the rule of the fourteenth president of the United States. She was born during the Old French War. It was in the year of her birth that the name of George Washington, then twenty-three years of age, was first signalized in connection with Braddock's defeat at Fort Du Quesne (Pittsburg.) It was not till she was four years old, (1759,) that the gigantic project of making North America a French Papal Empire, was dashed on the Hights of Abraham. The alarms and hardships of the Revolution, the signal guns fired one Sabbath morning, summoning the friends of freedom to repel invasion,—her pastor (Rev. Benjamin Boardman) quitting the pulpit for the camp,—were to her like things of yesterday. When she was born, the Revolution of Seventy-six, and the advance of Anglo-America from a million and a half of people, threatened with ruin by French and Indians, to a nation of twenty-seven millions, commanding the continent, were secrets in the hidden plans of God. So was that tremendous revolution of the Old World, which, like the apocalyptic vials, rained storms of blood on Europe, through five-and-twenty dismal years. The Duke of Wellington and Napoleon Bonaparte were not born till she was fourteen years of age. The century of her life will be signalized as the epoch of the steamship, the railroad, and the telegraph; and in these, all coming ages

will adore the "determinate counsel" and wondrous providence of God.

With higher joy, and loftier praise, will Christians through all time remember these hundred years as the epoch of "the angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach, to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." Rev. 14 : 6. The Bible has been translated into languages spoken by a vast majority of the race. Its copies have been multiplied by millions. A Newell, Scudder and Judson, a Morrison, Martyn and Heber, with thousands of the sons and daughters of the Christian Church, heroes and nobles of the kingdom of Heaven, have gone into all the world to carry the gospel to every creature. The Power that divided the Red Sea, has opened the empire of the Grand Seignior, and the empire of the Great Mogul, and the empire called "Celestial," to the gospel. Christendom has awaked to the enormities of the slave trade and slavery. The great temperance reformation honors the century. Christian philanthropy goes forth to assail human wickedness and relieve human want. Above all, God's regenerating spirit has grandly carried onward the creation of that "new earth" which is the prophet's theme in the text and context. These conquests of Christ's empire are the century's glory.

What a panorama of human character and destiny, and of divine providence, is that unfolded between the cradle of that infant and the coffin of this centenarian! If she has seen her nation rise from one and a half to twenty-seven millions of souls, what a destiny, glorious or fearful, will be witnessed by the few infants of to-day, elect of God to live a century, and see three hundred million souls between these oceans! In her day, three worlds have lived and died. Three times have a thousand million people been born, buried, and gone to retributions of joy or woe eternal. What mighty minds have shaped and guided human character, affairs and destiny! How many little great men have figured on the world's wide stage, and perished from human thought and memory! What hopes and ambitions enkin-



dled and extinguished! What enmities have raged and perished! What fears and sorrows quelled in oblivion! How many wicked plans have ripened into misery! How many Christian plans have ripened into fruits, holy, joyful, eternal! What myriads have radically failed in the great experiment of existence,—gaining the world, but losing the soul!

But, thanks to God, the population of heaven has been vastly increased, by accessions from this world, since 1755, and we can not doubt that God has now more children on earth, and that the power of vital godliness is now a stronger force in human society than it was then. Glorious is the march of Immanuel, “traveling in the greatness of his strength,” along the pathway of centuries, from his lowly birth-place to his great white throne. Even so, Redeemer, King, subdue the centuries to thyself; vanquish the embattled hosts and the defiant fortresses of hell; set up thy saving, conquering cross, and wear thy many crowns on the ruins of Satan’s usurped domain; and the saints of ages gone, with those of ages yet to be, and with the seraphim of heaven, shall unite to adore thee Lord of all!

#### THE CHILD SHALL DIE AN HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

The theme of the passage containing the text is the creation of “new heavens and a new earth.” By this I understand the spiritual regeneration of human hearts, and of all the elements and forces of human society and civilization, by the power of the Gospel, and Spirit of God. Such a moral renovation of society, subduing the enmity to God, the selfishness and sensuality of the individual, making Christian piety and good will to men the commanding power of the world, vitalizing and controlling the world’s enterprise, wealth and commerce, its public sentiment and usages, its governments, laws and institutions, its science, art, genius, and intellectual power,—would result in immense temporal and social improvement, as a natural and necessary effect. General health and longevity would be very greatly enhanced; an infant’s life would rarely, if ever, be measured

and terminated by a few days. To live beyond a hundred years would be far more common than now, and this increased longevity is noted as a signal instance of divine goodness.

This passage, the promise of the fifth commandment, and many other Scriptures, imply that earthly life, whatever its trials, in God's view, is a preëminently precious portion of our endless being. Like every other mercy of God, indeed, it may, by impenitence and unbelief, be perverted into a curse. For the prophet adds to the text, "the sinner being an hundred years old," (however rich, honored, and prosperous,) "shall be accursed."

Why is the season of earthly life so precious a boon? Because the human soul is here *on probation* for eternity. Here, each human soul elects an eternal character. Here, each soul decides the question, whether to be an eternal friend, or an eternal enemy, of holiness and God. These years, for endless years receive or reject Jesus Christ as your Saviour from sin and hell. Moreover, earthly life, duly improved, is of more value to the Christian than so much time in heaven. Here we can do a work for Christ, his people and kingdom, which, "absent from the body and present with the Lord," we can not do. This made the apostle, though longing to depart and be with Christ, yet willing to stay and toil and suffer for his cause and people on earth. It is a high privilege and honor to be allowed—"putting on the whole armor of God"—to engage personally in the conflict of Christ with Satan, for the mastery of man, and the empire of the earth.

Extension of earthly life, too, gives the Christian scope for greater spiritual victories in his own heart, for a riper experience of divine grace, for a higher elevation of Christ-like character, and more mature and abundant fruits of Christian beneficence. The infant of days, taken from his mother's arms on earth, to his Saviour's arms on high, may be as complete in Christ, according to his measure, as Paul, Daniel or Isaiah.

But the saint of more extended probation, of higher edu-

cation in godliness, of greater spiritual power, tested and strengthened by victories won in this battle-field of the universe, of a richer earthly history—may suitably (though all of grace) receive and occupy a grander celestial position, a sublimer vision of universal truth, a sublimer comprehension and enjoyment of God and Redemption, a vaster power and usefulness in God's creation, to immortality. "One star differeth from another star in glory."

What is it then to "LIVE while we live?"

(1.) It is to live by *faith in Christ crucified*. It is to have a new heart,—a humble, contrite heart,—a heart that hates sin and clings to the atoning cross. A faith vitalizing and molding all the affections and faculties, the motives, views, plans, character, history. A faith whereby Christ Jesus is reproduced in the human soul. So that you can say, "Christ liveth in me."

(2.) Of such a life the *Word of God* will be the lamp and guide. You will revere and love the Holy Book. You will humbly sit, like Mary, at the feet of Jesus. His teachings you will welcome as infallible and divine. Your supreme law will be God's will.

(3.) He who lives such a life will strive after *personal holiness*,—Christ-likeness,—as the *greatest personal good*.

(4.) Of such a life it will be the highest aim "to *glorify God* and enjoy Him forever." Eternal ages will magnify the wisdom of that first answer in the primer, learned by the child, Rebecca Hurd, near a hundred years ago. To know and appreciate God ourselves, and to be instrumental in causing others to know and appreciate Him as Ruler and Redeemer, is the noblest possible use of life. In a *TRUE LIFE* this aim will be single, exclusive, all-subordinating, constant, ardent, supreme, undying.

(5.) *Trials must be improved*. These are moral timber, furnished by divine wisdom, to be fabricated into Christ-like and immortal character. They are practical lessons for us to "learn Christ" from. They are the moral tasks prescribed to test, exercise, and confirm gracious principle. We must



strive to think, feel, speak, act, and resist temptation in each trial, great or small, as Jesus would in our place.

(6.) We must be ambitious to make our life the *greatest possible blessing*, and our death the greatest possible loss, to the world. Personal advantage must be sought as a means to the general good. Our good will must embrace both the dying body and the undying soul. The heart must be spacious as the world. Doing good must be the great business and the great enjoyment of life,—not an accident,—not a penance. The true ambition is to make one's life enrich the world as much as possible in Christian truth, character, influence and well-being.

(7.) He that will *truly live* must *pray*, "pray always." Prayer, including confession and praise, is the breath of life divine. Without the Holy Spirit, we die to God, and life's great end, and we can win his heavenly help only as we seek, like saintly Enoch, to walk with God, and, like later disciples, to hold fellowship with the Father, and with his son, Jesus Christ.

Life is *not* "an empty show for man's illusion given." Eternal destiny is condensed into its moments. Living by faith in Christ through this probation, you join your immortal being, history and fortunes, to the dignity, holiness, joy and triumph of God's eternal reign. And the more earnest, single-hearted and faithful, *the more you LIVE, in a given time*. One may live as much in a single year, as another in ten. But live without Christ, "alienated from the life of God;" live for time and earth, for gain, show, fame or pleasure, so called, as your chief end; "live LIFE," or live *idle and aimless*,—and your life is a miserable for the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, or the PRIDE OF failure. You commit a fundamental mistake in working out the great problem of existence. "After thy hardness and impenitent heart, thou treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God." Ungodly prosperity is but splendid folly and failure.

Friends in the morning of life! The question, first of all,

that duty, dignity and wisdom require you to ask, is this: How can I make the most of life, for life's true end? Repent of sin. Believe in Christ. Follow after holiness. Seek first the kingdom of God. Labor to glorify him as the end of your being. Delay not. A hundred years seem to you, all but eternal, and the day of your own funeral almost as far away. This seeming distance is a delusion. Be wise to-day. Elect a master, and a life-plan, and an end, that will honor your immortal nature. To look back from the bed of death, and bar of judgment, on a life spent in the mode commended in this discourse, will be more satisfying than to have gained all the world's wealth and honors.

Friends of venerable age! We of a younger race, with filial affection, would unite to bless the goodness that has attended your long pilgrimage, and to invoke the grace of God upon you to the end. Beautiful and blessed is a truly Christian old age; especially, if preceded by a life of consistent, growing, fruitful piety extending back to youth. "The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness." If you find the dawn of heaven's day-spring blending with earth's twilight, "then look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh."

But if any of you are unblessed by the peace of God, and heavenly hope,—if all behind you is impenitence and estrangement from God, while "the day goeth away and the shadows of the evening are stretched out,"—sad indeed is your case. "A sinner a hundred years old," or one approaching thereto, is one of the saddest sights the sun looks on. But, aged friends,—hasten to Jesus,—linger not,—his blood has atoned for your sins, his spirit can wash away the stains. Though your life-work has been the treasuring up of sin and wrath, come near to a compassionate Saviour, look with faith to his atoning cross, and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow. Hasten to the fountain of life, and be IMMORTAL.

Kindred of the departed! The venerable past meets the present and the future here to-day. One of you has seen

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\* Captain Jacob Hurd, brother of the centenarian.

the face and heard the prayers of a grandfather, born beyond the ocean, one hundred and seventy years ago, and has seen the likeness of a daughter's great-grandchild, born beyond the Alleghanies.

At this meeting of generations, shall not the fathers teach the children how to live? shall not "the heart of the children turn to their fathers?" Malachi 4:6. It is believed that the practical views of your ancient fathers, as to the end of life, and the way of life, agreed with those of this discourse. Jacob Hurd, the elder, the Highland pilgrim, and grandfather of this centenarian, is well remembered by the oldest of you, when visiting his son's family, to have regularly offered prayer with them morning and evening. In that dwelling where our deceased friend was born, God was daily worshiped, the Sabbath-day and the public worship of God were sacredly observed, the Bible was daily read and honored as the book of books, the children were carefully taught that to fear God and keep his commandments, is the whole duty of man. Every child was furnished with a primer, and one of the first things learned by each child, was that to glorify God and to enjoy him forever, is the chief end of man. This lesson of divine wisdom, it is hoped, they learned to good purpose; for all the nine, in time, became (it is believed) members of the Christian church. When the father of that family, the father of the deceased, Jacob Hurd the second, being a seafaring man, was in port, Boston or New York, he as constantly attended public worship as when at home. And the mothers of these families, it is believed, were of the same faith and spirit with the fathers. And did not the young Rebecca learn of her father and mother how to live? "At evening time there was light." Light from heaven seemed to shine upon her soul. What beautiful, serene, childlike trust in her Saviour! What fervent gratitude to her heavenly Father! What readiness to depart and be with Christ! Said a celebrated unbeliever,\* boasting the dignity of a philosopher, when dying at ninety years of age, "Were I master of the world

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\* Hobbes.



I would give it all for one more day. I am taking a leap into the dark."

Come, proud, wretched infidel, Rebecca Bowers can tell you, from her primer and her heart, how to live and how to die. If, as we trust she was, a humble and contrite believer in Jesus, the crown of her hoary head was nobler than diadems of earthly royalty. Can ambition ask more than to be a son or daughter of the Lord Almighty? Come then, children of the Highland pilgrim, gather from your many dwellings, by these ancestral seats, or by northern lake, or southern gulf, or by the great river, or great ocean of the west; return to that old abode where your fathers prayed, and learn from them the true duty, the true wisdom, the true dignity, the true success, the true happiness, the true destiny of life. Behold the men, your venerable patriarchs, each with a crown of ninety years upon his head. Hear them, with uncovered head and reverent heart; hear them, for "being dead they yet speak."

"Children of ages to come! we speak to you from the dim, silent, buried past. We went like shadows: so you are going. We know what life is, and what is death and eternity, as you do not. Forsake not the faith and God of your fathers. Revere his Word. Obey his Gospel. Copy the great Model Man. Aspire to be great in Godlike qualities and in Godlike usefulness. Adore not fame. Bow not to mammon. Beware of soul-destroying error. Pursue not phantoms. Resist temptation. Feed not the immortal soul with the dust of earth. 'Keep the body under.' Dedicate your houses to God by daily worship. Write 'Holiness to the Lord' on all your substance. Pray with your children as we did with your fathers. Teach them diligently God's truth, and how to live and how to die. While your names live in human memory or tradition, be remembered first of all, as Followers of the Lamb.

"Give to God the ardor of youth, the strength of life's meridian, the ripe fruits of Christian age. Spread an influence, holy and benign, across your wondrous continent.

Send onward the sacred current, swelling as your numbers swell, to children's children of latest time.

"Children of the Future! We charge you, be a race of benefactors to your glorious country, to the ages unborn, to the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Lay none but Christian dust in all your graves. Bring none but Christian souls to judgment.

"And O Thou, who art the Resurrection and the Life, from everlasting to everlasting the same, while our fleeting days and generations pass, when thy voice, breaking the slumbers of a dead world, shall call us, with our fathers of the past and our children of the future to thy bar, may myriads of our name and blood throng up from all the hemisphere to swell the anthem, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.'"

#### IN CONCLUSION.

How glorious is the Christian's hope of Immortality. We rightly venerate "a multitude of years." Had ancient worthies lived till now, they would receive an homage not due to mortals. We stand with reverence in the presence of one who has shared the transactions of a century, and remembers its changes and history. But those who live in Christ, and Christ in them, LIVE FOREVER. Not merely do they *exist*, they LIVE. Their faculties clothed with divine, immortal strength, are subject to no decay, like that of earthly age. It is an immortality of stainless holiness, of happiness exalted and complete. It is life dignified by endless growth of knowledge,—by rising forever to a grander and more delightful comprehension of God, his perfect character, his august plans, his righteous ways, his boundless empire, his endless reign. It is life dignified by blending with the grandest beings, the grandest sentiments, the grandest services, the grandest scenes, the grandest events, the grandest histories known to God's eternal universe. It is to be an immortal benefactor of God's creation. It is to

be with Christ, to be like Christ, and to exult in the brightening glories of Redemption forever. It is the life of God.

Aspire to dignity supreme. "Seek for glory, honor and IMMORTALITY." Then "mortality shall be swallowed up of life."

"As the morning star,  
That goes not down behind the darkened west,  
Nor hides among the tempests of the sky,  
But fades away into the light of heaven."





## APPENDIX.

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By a record copied by Jacob Hurd the third, from the family record of his father, Jacob Hurd the second, I find that the latter was born in 1720, and his wife (Thankful Hurlbut) in 1726. But Jacob Hurd second was born (in the region of Cape Cod) very shortly after the arrival thither, from the Highlands of Scotland, of his father, Jacob Hurd the first. (This fixes the date of the family's migration to the New World.) Jacob H. the first, settled afterward on Chestnut Hill, in the town of Chatham, Conn., but spent his last years with his daughter, Mrs. Williams, at Pine Swamp, (now Westchester.) Jacob 1st, is remembered by Jacob 3d, (93 years old 28th March, 1855,) as a man of extraordinary stature and strength. He died in consequence of a fall from a horse, past 90 years of age, not long before the Revolution, while Jacob 3d was a school-boy. His wife, a person of small stature, is said to have died at the age of 103 years.

The record of Rev. Benjamin Bowers, first pastor of Middle Haddam Congregational Church, states that the children of Jacob 1st were married as follows :

April 21, 1743, Elizabeth married to Robinson Williams.

July 10, 1744, Rebecca, to James Brainerd, (an ancestor of James Brainerd Taylor, known to readers of religious biography.)

February 28, 1745, Jacob, Jr., to Thankful Hurlbut.

The nine children of Jacob 2d were born from 1748 to 1773, and married from 1769 to 1792, as follows: Rachel, to Geo. Cary; Elizabeth, to Thomas Stocking; Joseph, to Mary Bowers; Rebecca, to Joseph Cary, and after his death to Jonathan Bowers; Mary, to Elijah Johnson; Jacob, to Abigail Cary; Benjamin, to Mary Cary; Jesse, to Drusilla Dart; Sarah, to Joseph Dart.

Jacob H. 2d, said to have been the second man who followed the coasting business on Connecticut River, died in his 91st year. His wife died at the age of 87. She had a brother, Stephen Hurlbut, said to have lived more than 100 years. Jacob H. 2d had sixty-three grand-children, all but two living to adult age, and at least forty-nine of these married and settled in the north, south, east and west,—thus, with others, marrying the Union thoroughly together.

The following names are only a part of those with which his race has blended, viz., Arnold, Austin, Adams, Bowers, Bulkley, Brainerd, Bolles.

Brackett, Brown, Burns, Butler, Barry, Brooks, Barnes, Branch, Cook, Connery, Cushman, Case, Caswell, Church, Carey, Dart, Doane, Dennison, DeForest, Ellsworth, Foot, Gardner, Hathaway, Hand, Hone, Hawley, Hyde, Humphrey, Hutchinson, Jones, Johnson, Mather, Mabbitt, Miles, Mack, McLean, Morgan, Mills, Nott, Ovington, Ormsby, Olmsted, Prentiss, Plumb, Parker, Pierce, Pratt, Root, Russell, Roberts, Rounds, Sage, Southmayd, Stewart, Schenk, Stryker, Strong, Simmons, Stocking, Shelden, Selden, Smith, Ten Eyck, Thatcher, Watkins, Washburn, Wright, White, Whitmore, Williams, Worthington.

Jacob H. 2d was received to full communion in the Church, November 5, 1749.

Jacob H. 3d who will be 94 years of age, March 28, 1856, if then living, has been cotemporary with seven generations of his own lineage, viz., from his grandfather, to his daughter's\* great-grandchild, Catharine Parker,† (may that Kate live 100 years.)

Rebecca H. was born April 9, 1755—baptized May 4, ensuing; married Joseph Cary, Jr., July 1, 1774; with her husband "owned covenant," Dec. 1, 1776. Her husband, the master of a vessel, was captured by a British privateer, and the captors being pursued, applied a pressure of sail that carried the ship, Captain Cary, and all on board, to the bottom of the ocean. This was in May, 1780, Mr. Cary being 28 years of age.

She was now the mother of two children: Halsey, who being quartermaster of the Chesapeake, died off Algiers in 1814, 37 years of age, and Phebe, (afterward Mrs. Church,) who died at Bennington, Vt., July 24, 1799. In about five years she married Jonathan Bowers, a son of the first minister of Middle Haddam. Major Bowers was wounded at the battle of Bennington, and received a pension many years. He died Sept., 1835, aged 81. Her only child by this marriage was Horace Win Bowers, who died November, 1820, in Washington Co., N. Y., aged 36. His wife, Lucy, died Jan., 1823, aged 33. Mrs. Bowers, with her husband, lived many years at Bennington, Vt., and Union Village, New York, but returned to Middle Haddam, more than thirty years ago. The school-house of her childhood was near the present dwelling of Walter Clarke, and the meeting-house a little eastward. The house of her nativity, was a few rods south of the First Congregational Church, wood-colored, of one story, gambrel roof, facing westward.

In her hundredth year (1854) she attended church, (about two miles from her dwelling,) in company with her brother, Jacob H. third, her brother-in-law, J. Dart, Esq., and her sister Mrs. J. Dart, the average of whose ages was but slightly less than ninety years.

She retained her faculties remarkably to the last, was ever cheerful, willing to live or die, and took great satisfaction in the communion and prayers of Christian friends. She died Friday morning, December 21, 1855, and her funeral was attended by the three congregations in the place, on the

\* Mrs. Roberts, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

† Of Chicago.



Sabbath following, the ministers of those churches all taking part in the exercises.

The average age of her father's nine children was 75 years.

Eight marriages in her father's family were monopolized by three neighboring families—Bowers, Carey, Dart.

Her four brothers were all engaged in the war of '76, and Joseph, Benjamin and Jesse were in a prison-ship at New York, at the same time.

*J. Kilbourn.*







